# VENVS AND ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flauus Apollo*
*Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

Imprinted at London for *VVilliam Leake*, dwelling at the signe of the Holy Ghost, in Pauls Churchyard. 1602.

# TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLIE, EARLE of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

RIght Honourable, I know not how I shal offēd in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure me for chusing so strong a proppe, to support so weake a burthen: onelie if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highlie praised & vow to take aduantage of all idle houres till I haue honoured you with some grauer labor. But if the first heir of my inuētiō proue deformed, I shal be sorie it had so noble a godfather,

*& neuer after eare so barren a land, for-feare it yeelde me still so bad a harueſt, I leaue it to your Honourable ſuruey, and your Honour to your harts content: which I wiſh may alwaies anſwer your own wiſh, and the worlds hopefull expectation.*

Your Honours in all duety,

*William Shakeſpeare.*

VE-

# VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun, with purple coloured face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lov'd, but loue he laught to scorne.
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain vnto him,
And like a bold fac't suter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer then my selfe (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphes, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then doues, or roses are:
Nature that made thee, with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And reigne his proud head to the saddle bowe:
If thou wilt deigne this sauour, for thy meede
A thousand hony secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with lothde ſatietie,
But rather famiſh them amid their plentie,
Making them red and pale, with freſh varietie:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twentie.
A Summers day will ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time, beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeiſeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith and limelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion calls it balme,
Earths ſoueraigne ſalue to doe a goddeſſe good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to plucke him from his horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie Courſers raine,
Vnder the other was the tender boy,
VVho bluſht and pouted in a dull diſdaine,
VVith leaden appetite, vnapt to toy.
She red and hote, as coales of glowing fire.
He red for ſhame, but froſtie in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens (O how quick is loue!)
The Steede is ſtalled vp, and euen now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to proue.
Backward ſhe puſht him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And gouernd him in ſtrength, thogh not in luſt.

So

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips.
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And 'gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broke,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhal neuer open.

He burnes with baſhful ſhame, ſhe with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes:
Then with her windy ſighs and golden heares,
To fan and blow them dry againe ſhe ſeekes.
He ſaith ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſſe,
What followes more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſſe.

Euen as an empty Eagle, ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with hir beake on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheeke, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc't to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in hir face:
She feedeth on the ſteame, as on a prey,
And cals it heauenly moiſture, ayre of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowrs,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowrs.

Looke how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lies:
Pure shamé and aw'd resistance made him fret,
VVhich bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflowe the bank.

Still she intreats, and pretily entreates:
For to a prety eare she tunes her tale:
Still is he sullen, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Looke how he can, shee cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Til hee take truce with her contending teares,
Which lõg haue raind, making her cheeks al wet,
And one sweete kisse shall pay this coũtlesse debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dic-dapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue.
But when hir lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

Neuer did paſſenger in ſummers heat
More thirſt for drinke, thē the for this good turn,
Her helpe ſhe ſees, but helpe ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn:
O pitty gan ſhe cry, flint hearted boy,
Tis but a kiſſe I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Euen by the ſtearne and direfull God of warre,
VVhoſe ſinowie neck in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre:
Yet hath he beene my captiue and my ſlaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt ſhalt haue.

Ouer my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battred ſhield, his vncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake hath learnd to ſport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and ieſt,
Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouerſwayed,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chaine:
Strōg tempered ſteel his ſtrōger ſtrength obeied,
Yet was he ſeruile to my coy diſdaine.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſtring her that foild the God of fight.

Touch

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red)
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine,
What seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head:
Looke in mine eye-bals where thy beautie lies,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse, then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night
Loue keepes his reuels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
These blew veind violets, whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know they what we meane.

The tender Spring, vpon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee vnripe, yet maist thou well be tasted:
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slippe,
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted.
Fair flowrs, that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot and consume themselues in little time.

VVere I hard fauoured, foule, or wrinkled old,
Ill nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Oreworn, despised, rheumaticke and cold,
Thick sighted, barren, leane, and lacking ioyce,
Then might thou pause, for then I were not for
But hauing no defects, why dost abhor me? (thee:
Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey & bright, & quicke in turning:
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly growe,
My fleſh is ſoft and plum, my marrow burning:
My ſmooth moiſt hād, were it with thy hand felt,
VVould in thy palme diſſolue or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairy, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a nymph, with long diſheueled heare
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeene.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light and will aſpire.

Witneſſe this Primroſe banke whereon I lie, (me:
Theſe forceleſſe flowers, like ſturdie trees ſupport
Two ſtrēgthles doues wil draw me throgh the ſky
Frō morne til night, euen where I liſt to ſport me.
Is loue ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be
That thou ſhouldſt think it heauy vnto thee?

Is thine owne hart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize loue vpon thy left?
Then wooe thy ſelfe, be of thy ſelfe reiected
Steale thine owne freedome, & complaine of theft.
*Narciſſus* ſo himſelfe, himſelfe forſooke,
And died to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.

Torches

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Hearbs for their ſmel, and ſappy plants to beare:
Things growing to themſelues, are grouthes abuſe.
Seeds ſpring frō ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beauty:
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By lawe of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue when thou thy ſelfe art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou doeſt ſuruiue,
In that thy likeneſſe ſtill is left aliue.

By this, the loue-ſicke Queene began to ſweat:
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſooke thē:
And *Tytan* tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
VViſhing *Adonis* had his teame to guide;
So he were like him, and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie ſpright,
And with a heauie, darke, diſliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire ſight,
Like miſtie vapours, when they blot the skye.
Sowring his cheekes, cries fie, no more of loue,
The ſun doth burne my face, I muſt remoue.

31. Ay

Ay me (quoth *Venus*) young, and ſo vnkind?
VVhat bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gon?
Ile ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle winde
Shall coole the heat of this deſcending ſun:
Ile make a ſhadow for thee of my heares.
If they burn too, Ile quench the with my teares.

The ſun that ſhines from heauen ſhines but warm,
And lo I lie betweene that ſun and thee:
The heat I haue from thence doth little harme.
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth mee,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and this earthly ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as ſteele?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth:
Art thou a womans ſonne, and canſt not feele
VVhat tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind, (kind.
She had not brought forth thee, but died vn-

What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwells vpon my ſute?
VVhat were thy lips the worſe for one poore kiſſe?
Speak, Faire: but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute.
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee again,
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie

Fie, liueleſſe picture, cold and ſenſeleſſe ſtone,
VVell painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans cõplexion.
For men wil kiſſe euen by their owne direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And ſwelling paſſion doth prouoke a pauſe,
Red cheekes and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, & now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her ſobs doe her intendments breake.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band:
She would, he wil not in her armes be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She lockes her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I haue hemd thee heere,
VVithin this circuit of this iuory pale,
Ile be the parke, and thou ſhalt be my deere,
Feede where thou wilt, in mountaine or in dale,
Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lie.

Within

Within this limit is relieſe enough,
Sweete bottom graſſe, and high delightfull plaine,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from raine:
Then be my deere, ſince I am ſuch a parke,
No dog ſhal rouze thee, though a thouſād barke.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles, as in diſdaine,
That in each cheek appeares a prettye dimple.
Loue made thoſe hollowes: if himſelf were ſlaine,
He might be buried in a tombe ſo ſimple:
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there loue liu'd, and there he could not dy.

Theſe louely caues, thoſe round inchaunting pits,
Opend their mouthes to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Strooke dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poore Queen of loue, in thine own law forlorn,
To loue a cheeke that ſmiles at thee in ſcorne.

Now which way ſhal she turne? what ſhall she ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, her obiect will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releaſing.
Pittie she cries, ſome fauour, ſome remorſe:
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But

But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, lusty, young and proude,
*Adonis* trampling courser doth espie,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloude:
The strong neckt steede being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reigne, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leapes, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his wouen girts he breaker asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he woũds,
Whose hallow wõb resoũds like heauens thunder:
The iron bit he crushes 'tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compast crest now stands on end.
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiestie and modest pride.
Anone he reares vpright, curuets, and leapes:
As who should say, Lo thus my strength is tried,
And thus I do to captiuate the eye
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What

What recketh he his riders angry stur,
His flattering holla, or his stand I say,
What cares he now, for curb or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his loue, and nothing else he sees:
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a painter would surpasse the life,
In limming out a wel proportioned steed,
His Arte with natures workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the liuing should exceede:
So did his horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pase and bone.

Round hooft, short ioynted, fetlocks shag & long,
Broad breft, full eyes, small head, and noftrill wide,
High creft, short ears, straight legs, & passing strog
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should haue, he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he stares at stirring of a feather:
To bid the winde a base he now prepares,
And where he run or fly they know not whether.
For through his mane & taile the high wind singes,
Fanning the hairs, who waue like featherd wings.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She anſweres him as if ſhe knew his minde.
Being proud, as females are, to ſee him wooe her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſſe, ſeemes vnkind,
Spurnes at his loue, & ſcornes the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then like a melancholy male-content,
He vales his taile: that like a falling plume,
Coole ſhadow to his melting puttocks lent,
He ſtampes and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was aſſwag'd.

His teaſtie maſter goeth about to take him,
When loe, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the horſe, and left *Adonis* there;
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie thē,
Outſtripping crowes, that ſtriue to ouerfly thē.

All ſwolne with chaſing, downe *Adonis* ſits,
Banning his boiſterous and vnruly beaſt;
And now the happye ſeaſon once more fits
That loue-ſicke *Loue*, by pleading may be bleſt.
For louers ſay, the heart hath trebble wrong,
When it is bard the aidance of the tong.

An

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or riuer ſtaide,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words loues fire doth aſſwage:
But when the hearts Attorney once is mute,
The clyent breakes, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glowe;
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angry browe,
Lookes on the dul earth with diſturbed minde:
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nie,
For all aſcance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to viewe
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red each other did deſtroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowely louer downe ſhe kneels,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheekes feeles:
His tender cheekes reuiues her ſoft hands print:
As apt as new fallen ſnow takes any dint.

Oh what a war of lookes was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes ſuing,
His eyes ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeene them,
Her eyes wood ſtill, his eyes diſdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which *Chorus* like her eies did raigne.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A Lilly priſond in a gaile of ſnowe,
Or Iuory in an Alablaſter band,
So white a friend ingirts ſo white a foe:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Shew'd like to ſiluer doues that ſit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began,
O faireſt mouer in this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and *I* a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound:
For one ſweet looke thy helpe I would aſſure thee,
Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure (thee.
Giue me my hãd (ſaith he) why doſt thou feele it?
Giue me my heart (ſaith ſhe) & thou ſhalt haue it.
O giue it me, leaſt thy hard heart do ſteele it:
And being ſteeld, ſoft ſighs can neuer graue it:
Then loues deepe groanes I neuer ſhall regard,
Becauſe *Adonis* hart hath made mine hard.

For

For ſhame he cryes, let goe, and let me goe,
My daies delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereſt him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,
For all my minde, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replyes; Thy Palfrey. as he ſhold,
Welcomes the warme approach of ſweet deſire.
Affection is a coale that muſt be cool'd,
Elſe ſuffred, it will ſet the heart on fire.
The ſea hath boũds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therfore no maruel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a iade he ſtood tyed to a tree,
Seruilely maiſtred with a leathern raine!
But when he ſaw his loue, his youthes faire fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdaine,
Throwing the baſe thong frõ his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, bis back, his breſt.

VVho ſees his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheetes a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
Hir other agents aime at like delight?
VVho is ſo faint, that dares not be ſo bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him, I hartily beseech thee,
To take aduantage on presented ioy, (thee,
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue: the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to disgrace it,
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, & weeps, & all but with a breath.

VVho weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht?
VVho plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be any iot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth:
The colt that's backt, & burthend being yong,
Looseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootlesse chat,
Remoue your siege from my vnyeelding heart,
To loues alarme it will not ope the gate.
Dismisse your vows, your fained tears, your flattry:
For where a heart is hard, they make no battry.

VVhat,

VVhat,canst thou talk(quoth she)hast thou a tõg
O would thou hadst not,or I had no hearing.
Thy mermaids voice hath done me double wrõg:
I had my load before, now prest with bearing,
Melodious discord,heauenly tune harsh sounding,
Earths deepe sweet musicke, & hearts deepe sore
(wounding.
Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue
That inward beauty and inuisible.
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue,
Each part in me that were but sensible.
Though neither eyes nor eares,to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be still as much.
For from the stillatorie of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd,that breedeth loue by
(smelling.
But oh what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other foure!
VVould they not wish the feast should euer last,
And bid suspicion double locke the doore?
Least iealousie, that soure vnwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in, disturbe the feast.

Once more the ruby-coloured portal opend,
Which to his ſpeech did hony paſſage yeelde.
Like a red morn that euer yet betokend
VVracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to ſheepheards, woe vnto the birds,
Guſt & foule flawes to beardmen & to herdes.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the woolfe doth grinne before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning ſtrooke her, ere his words begun'

And at his looke ſhe ſtatly falleth downe.
For lookes kil loue, and loue by looks reuiueth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed banquerout that by loue ſo thriueth:
The ſilly boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, til clapping makes it red.

And in a maze brake of his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her:
VVhich cunning loue did wittily preuent:
Faire-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſſe ſhe lies as ſhe were ſlaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand waies he seeks
To mend the hurt that his vnkindnes mard:
He kisses her, and she, by her good wil,
Will neuer rise, so he will kisse her stil.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she vpheaueth,
Like the faire sun, when in his fresh array,
He cheers the morne, & al the world releiueth:
And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie,
So is her face illumin'd with her eie.

Whose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine:
Were neuer foure such lampes together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine, (light,
But hers, which through the cristal tears gaue
Shone like the Moone in water seene by night.

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liu'd: and life was deaths annoy:
But now I di'd, and death was liuely ioy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe.
Thy eyes, ſhrewd tutor that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, & ſuch diſdain,
That they haue murdred this poore hart of mine:
And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their queene,
But for thy pittious lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure.
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare.
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare:
That the ſtar gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales, in my ſoft lips imprinted,
VVhat bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, & pay, and vſe good dealing:
VVhich purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuel on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leaſure one by one.
VVhat is ten hũdred kiſſes vnto thee?
Are they not quickly tolde, and quickly gone?
Say for non payment that the debt ſhold double,
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Faire Queene(quoth he)if any loue you owe mee,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſſe with my vnripe yeares.
Before I know my ſelfe,ſeeke not to know me,
No fiſher but the vngrowne frie forbeares.
The mellow plum doth fal, the green ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt, is ſowre to taſt.

Looke, the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His daies hot taske hath ended in the weſt,
The owle(nights herald shreekes,tis very late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neſt,
The cole-black clouds that shadow heauēs light,
Doe ſummon vs to part,and bid good night.

Now let me ſay good night, and ſo ſay you,
If you will ſay ſo,you shall haue a kiſſe.
Good night(quoth she)and ere he ſaies adue,
The hony fee of parting tendred is,
Her armes doe lend his necke a ſweet embrace,
Incorporat then they ſeeme,face grows to face.

Till breathleſſe he diſioyne,and backward drew
The heauenly moiſture,that ſweete corall mouth,
VVhoſe precious taſte,her thirſty lips well knew,
VVhereon they ſurfet, yet complain on droughth.
He with her plenty preſt,ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glewd,fall to the earth.

Now

Now quick desire hath caught her yeelding prey,
And glutton like she feedes, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ransome the insulter willeth. (hy
VVhose vultur thought doth pitch the price so
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoyle,
VVith blindfold fury she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek & smoke, her bloud doth boile
And careless lust stirres vp a desperate courage:
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wrack.

Hot, faint, & wearie, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird, being tam'd by to much hãdling
Or, as the fleet-foot Roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant stil'd with dandling,
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
VVhiles she takes all she can, not all she listeth,

VVhat wax so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euery light impression?
Things out of hope, are cõpast oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceedes cõmission:
Affection faints not like a pale fac't coward,
But thẽ wooes best, whẽ most his choise is froward.

when

When he did frown, ô had she then gaue ouer,
Such Nectar frõ his lips she had not suckt.
Foule words and frownes must not repell a louer.
What though the rose haue prickes, yet is it pluckt:
Were beautie vnder twentie locks kept fast:
Yet loue breaks through, & picks thẽ all at last.

For pittie now she can no more detaine him,
The poore foole praies her that hee may depart:
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her heart:
The which by *Cupids* boaw she doth protest,
He carries then incaged in his breast.

Sweete boy, she saies, this night Ile waste in sorrow:
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me loues master, shall we meete to morrow?
Say, shall we, shal we, wilt thou make the match?
He tels her no, to morrow he intends,
To hunt the boar with certaine of his frinds.

The Boare (quoth she) whereat a suddaine pale,
Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose,
Vsurpes her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking armes she throwes,
She sinketh downe stil hanging on his necke,
He on her belly falls, she on her backe.

Now

Now is she in the very lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hote incounter:
All is imaginarie she doth prooue,
He will not manage her, although he mount her,
That worse then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elizium*, and to lack her ioy.

Euen so poore birds, deceiu'd with painted grapes
Doe surfet by the eye, and pine the mawe:
Euen so she languisheth in her mishappes,
As those poore birds, that helpelesse berries saw;
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assayd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
She's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd:
Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me goe,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this
But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hunt the boare.
O be aduis'd, thou knowest not what it is,
With Iauelines point a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tushes neuer sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kil.

On

On his bowe backe, he hath a battell ſet,
Of briſtly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eies like glowe-worms ſhine whē he doth frets
His ſnowt digs ſepulchres where ere he goes,
Being mou'd, he ſtrikes what ere is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides, with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proofe thē thy ſpeares point can enter,
His ſhort thicke necke cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the lion he will venter,
The thornie brambles and embracing bushes,
As feareful of him, part, through whō he rushes.

Alas, he nought eſteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eie paies tributary gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and cryſtall eyne,
Whoſe ful perfection all the world amaſes:
But hauing thee at vantage (wonderous dread!)
Wold root theſe beauties, as he roots the mead.

O let him keepe his loathſome cabin ſtil:
Beauty hath naught to do with ſuch foule fiendes.
Come not within his danger by thy will.
They that thriue wel, take counſel of their frieds.
Whē thou didſt name the boar, not to deſſēble.
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble

Didſt,

Didſt thou not marke this face? was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eie?
Grewe I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beates, & take no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For wher loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie
Doth call himſelfe affections Centinel,
Giues falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth cry, kill, kil,
Diſtempering gentle loue with his deſire:
As aire and water doth abate the fire.

This ſoure informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carry tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſõtims true newes, ſomtime falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if *I* loue thee, *I* thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angry chafing Boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thy ſelf, all ſtaind with goare:
Whoſe blood vpon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make thẽ droop with griefe & hãg the hed.

What

What ſhould I doe? ſeeing thee ſo indeed;
That trembling at th'imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecie thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the boare to morrowe.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruld by me,
Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the fox which liues by ſubtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare,
Purſue theſe fearefull creatures o're the downs,
And on thy well breath'd horſe, keep with thy hounds.
And when thou haſt on foot the purblind Hare,
Marke the poore wretch, to ouerſhut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and croſſes with a thouſand doubles:
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t'amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of ſheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-deluing conies keepe
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell,
And ſometime ſorteth with a heard of deere,
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waits on feare.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſſing their clamorous cry, til they haue ſingled
With much adoo the cold fault cleanly out,
Thē doo they ſpend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this, poore VVat far off vpon a hil
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill:
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier his weary legges doth ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay.
For miſery is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lie quietly, and beare a little more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe.
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare,
Vnlike thy ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo:
For loue can comment vpon euery wo.

VVhere

VVhere did I leaue? No matter where (quoth hee)
Leaue me, and then the ſtory aptly ends,
The night is ſpent: why what of that (quoth shee?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth shee) deſire ſees beſt of al.

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this.
The earth, in loue with thee thy footing trips,
And al is but to rob thee of a kiſſe.
Rich preys make rich men theeues: ſo doe thy lips
Make modeſt *Diana* clowdie and forlorne,
Leaſt she ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and dy forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
*Cynthia* for ſhame obſcures her ſiluer shine,
Til forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds frō heauen that were diuine,
VVherein she fram'd thee in hie heauēs deſpight,
To shame the ſunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it ſubiect to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchaunces, and much miſery.

As burning feauers, agues, pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknesse, whose attaint
Disorder breedes by heating of the blood?
Surfets, impostumes, griefe and damnd despaire,
Sweare natures death for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes sight brings beauty vnder;
Both fauour, sauour, hew and qualities,
Whereat th'imperiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountaine snow melts, with the midday sun.

Therefore, despight of fruitlesse chastitie,
Loue-lacking Vestals, and selfe louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breede a scarsity,
And barren death of daughters and of sonnes,
Be prodigall: the lampe, that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a swallowing graue,
Seeming to bury that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue
If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdaine,
Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So

So in thy ſelfe thy ſelfe art made away
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperate hãds thẽſelues do ſlay,
Or butchers ſire, that reaues his ſonne of life:
Foule cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

Nay then quoth (*Adon*) you wil fal againe
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſſe I gaue you is beſtowd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
For by this black fac't night, deſires foule nourſe,
Your treatiſe makes me liks you worſe and worſe.

If loue haue lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And euery tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaides ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne.
For know, my heart ſtands armed in my eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there:

Leaſt the deceyuing harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my little heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of reſt?
No Lady, no: my heart longs not to groane,
But ſoundly ſleepes, while now it ſleeps alone.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reproue?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth vnto danger.
I hate not loue, but your deuiſe in loue,
That lends imbracements vnto euery ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe: ô ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawde to luſts abuſe.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth vſurpt his name:
Vnder whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Vpon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, & ſoone bereaues,
As caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine:
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne.
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine,
Luſts winter comes, ere ſummer halfe be done.
Loue ſurfets not: luſt like a glutton dies
Loue is all truth: luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell: but more I dare not ſay.
The text is old, the Orator too greene.
Therefore in ſadneſſe, now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teene:
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burne themſelues for hauing ſo offended.

With

VVith this, he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe faire armes which bound him to her breſt.
And homeward through the darke lawnes runs a-
Leaues loue vpon her back deeply diſtreſt. (paſt.
Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waues wil haue him ſeene no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mereileſſe and pitchy night
Fold in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the floud,
Or ſtonisht, as night wanderers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
Hauing loſt the faire diſcouery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groneth
That all the neighbour caues, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Paſſion, on paſſion, deeply is redoubled:
Ay me ſhe cries, and twentie times woe, woe,
And twenty eechoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extempr'ally a woful dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall & old mē dote,
How loue is wise in follie, foolish witty:
Her heauy antheme still concludes in woe,
And still the quire of eechoes answere so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night.
For louers houres are long, though seeming short
If pleasd themselues, other they think delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle sounds, resembling Parasites,
Like shrill tongu'd Tapsters answering euery call
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits:
She said tis so, they answere all tis so
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe here the gentle Larke, wearie of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose siluer brest,
The sun ariseth in his Maiestie:
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Cedar tops and hils seeme burnisht gould

Venus

*Venus* ſalutes him with this faire good morrow;
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
Frō whom each lamp & ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liue's a ſon, that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a myrtle groue,
Muſing the morne is ſo much ore worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue,
She harkens for his hounds and for his horne:
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And al in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the crie.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her neck, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay:
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feede her fawne hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his way,
The fear wherof doth make him ſhake & ſhudder:
Euen ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appalles her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confoundes.

For

For now ſhe knowes it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lion proud:
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
VVhere fearefully the dogs exclaime alounde:
Finding their enemie to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtraine curt'ſie who ſhal cope him firſt.

This diſmall cry rings ſadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to ſurprize her heart:
VVho ouercome by doubt and bloudleſſe feare,
VVith cold pale weaknes nums each feeling part:
Like ſouldiers when their captaine once doth yeeld,
They baſely fly, & dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
Till cheering vp her ſences ſore diſmaide,
She tels him tis a cauſeleſſe phantaſie,
And childish error that they are afraid, (more,
Bids them leaue quaking, bids them feare no
And with that word she ſpi'd the hunted boare.

Whoſe frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & bloud being mingled both together,
A ſecond feare through all her ſinewes ſpred,
VVhich madly hurries her, she knows not whither
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thouſand ſpleenes bear her a thouſand waies,
She treads the path that ſhe vntreads againe,
Her more then haſte is mated with delaies,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake ſhe finds a hound,
And aſkes the wearie catife for his maſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venimd ſores the onely ſoueraigne plaſter.
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcouling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with houling.

When he had ceaſt his il reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouthd mourner black and grim
againſt the welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another anſwere him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the groũd below,
Shaking their ſcracht eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, ſignes and prodigies,
VVhereon with fearful eies they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadful propheeies:
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes drawes vp her breath,
And ſighing it againe, exclames on death.

Hard

Hard fauoured tyrant, vglie, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides ſhe death)
Grim grinning ghoſt, earths worm what doſt thou
To ſtifle beauty and to ſteale his breath? (meane,
VVho when he liu'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmel to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it,
O yes, it may: thou haſt no eies to ſee.
But hatefully at randome doſt thou hit.
Thy marke is feeble age: but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that aime and cleaues an infants harte.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then hee had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluktſt a flower.
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not deaths Ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.
(weeping?
Doeſt thou drink teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch
VVhat may'a heauy groane aduantage thee?
VVhy haſtthou caſt, into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her beſt work is ruind with thy rigour.

Heere

Here ouercome,as one full of deſpaire,
She vaild her eye lids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The cryſtall tide , that from her two cheekes faire,
In the ſweet channel of her boſome dropt : (rain,
But through the floud-gates breakes the ſiluer
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eyes and teares did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeene in her teares,teares in her eye,
Both cryſtals,where they viewd each others ſorow,
Sorrow,that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to drie:
But like a ſtormie day,now wind now raine,
Sighs dry her cheeks,teares make thē wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriuing which ſhould beſt become her griefe:
All entertaind,each paſſion labours ſo,
That euery preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe:
But none is beſt:then ioyne they all together,
Like many cloudes cōſulting for foule weather.

By this,far off,ſhe heares ſome huntſman hollow:
A nurſes ſong nere pleaſ'd her babe ſo well,
The dry imagination ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell.
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her,it is *Adonis* voyce.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being priſond in her eye, like pearles in glaſſe:
Yet ſometime fals an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts: as ſcorning it ſhould paſſe
To waſh the foule face of the ſluttiſh ground,
VVho is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue, how ſtrange it ſeemes
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous!
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extreames,
Deſpaire and hope make thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now ſhe vnweaues the web that ſhe had wrought,
*Adonis* liues, and death is not to blame:
It was not ſhe that cald him all to naught,
Now ſhe ads honour to his hateful name,
She cleepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Impetial ſupreme of al mortal things

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet death I did but ieſt:
Yet pardon me, *I* felt a kind of feare,
VVhen as I met the Boare that bloody beaſt,
VVhich knowes not pitie, but is ſtil ſeuere:
Then gentle ſhadowe (truth *I* muſt confeſs)
I raild on thee, fearing my loues deceaſs.

Tis

Tis not my fault: the boare prouokt my tong,
Be wreakt on him (inuisible commander)
Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrõg,
I did but act, he's authour of thy slander:
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womẽs wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:
And that his beauty may the better thriue,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes & stories,
His victories, his triumps, and his glories.

O *Ioue*, quoth she, how much a foole was *I*,
To be of such a weake and silly minde,
To waile his death who liues and must not dy,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slaine,
And beauty dead, black *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of feare,
As one with treasure laden, hemd with theeues:
Trifles (vnwitnessed with eye, or eare)
Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeues:
Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,
Whereat she leapes, that was but late forlorne.

As

As Faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flyes:
The graſſe ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſte vnfortunately ſpies
The foule Boares conqueſt on her fair delight.
VVhich ſeen, her eies, as murdred with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnaile whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly caue with paine,
And there all ſmothered vp in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep foorth againe:
So at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

Where they reſigne their office and their light,
To the diſpoſing of their troubled braine:
VVho bids them ſtil conſort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the hart with lookes againe,
VVho like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind, impriſoned in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terror doth mens minds cõfound.
This mutinie each part doth ſo ſurpriſe, (eyes.
That from their darke beds once more leape her

And

An I, being opened, threw vnwilling sight
Vpon the wide wound that the Boare had trenchd
In his soft flanke: whose wonted lilly white
With purple tears (that his wound wept) was drenchd
No flower was nigh, no grasse, herb, leafe or weed
But stole his bloud, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathy poore *Venus* noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly, (three,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seeme
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes, where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each seuerall lim is doubled.
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tong cannot expresse my griefe for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead:
My sighes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turnd to fire, my heart to lead.
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes, as fire:
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas poore world, what treasure hast thou lost,
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
VVhose tongue is musicke now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flours are sweet, their colours fresh & trim:
But true sweet beauty liu'd, and di'd in him.

Bonnet, or vaile henceforth no creature weare:
Nor sunne nor wind wil euer striue to kisse you:
Hauing no faire to loose, you need not feare:
The sun doth scorn you, & the wind doth hisse you
But when *Adonis* liu'd, sunne and sharp ayre
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudy sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his lokes, then would *Adonis* weepe:
And straight in pittie of his tender yeares,
They both would striue who first should drie his teares.

To see his face, the Lyon walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because he wold not fear him:
To recreat himselfe when he hath song,
The Tiger would be tame, and gently heare him:
If he had spoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the silly lamb that day.

VVhen

VVhen he beheld his ſhadow in the brooke,
The fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gils:
VVhen he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
VVould bring him mulberies, & ripe red cherries,
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this ſoule, grim, and vrchin-ſnouted boare,
VVhoſe downward eie ſtil looketh for a graue,
Ne're ſaw the beaurious liuery that he wore,
VVitneſſe the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him, & hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* ſlaine,
He ran vpon the boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
VVho would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſwade him there:
And nouſling in his flanke, the louing ſwine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I been toorh'd like him I muſt confeſſe,
VVith kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him, firſt:
But he is dead, and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his: the more I am accurſt.
VVith this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed blood.

She looks vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whiſpers in his eare a heauie tale,
As if he heard the wofull words ſhe told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
VVhere lo two lamps, burnt out, in darknes lies.

Two glaſſes, where herſelfe herſelfe beheld,
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect:
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euery beautie robd of his effect;
VVonder of time (quoth ſhe this is my ſpight,
That you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be waited on with iealouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauory end,
Ne're ſettled equally, too high or lowe;
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd,
VVith ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dumb, & teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too ful of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the Meaſures,
The ſtaring Ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly milde, (ſures,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, & too ſeuere,
And moſt deceiuing when it ſeemes moſt iuſt:
Peruerſe it ſhal be, where it ſeems moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne and ſire,
Subiect and ſeruile to all diſcontents,
As drie combuſtious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loue ſhall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her ſide lay kild,
VVas melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild,
A purple flower ſprung vp checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheekes & the blood,
Which in round drops vpon their whiteneſſe ſtood.

She

She bows her head the new-sprõg floure to smel,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:
And saies, within her bosome it shall dwell;
Since he himselfe is reft from her by death.
She crops the stalke and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she cõpares to teares.

Poor floure (quoth shee) this was thy fathers guise
(Sweete issue of a more sweete smelling sire)
For euery little greefe to wet his eies,
To growe vnto himselfe was his desire.
And so tis thine: but know it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my brest,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right,
Loe in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night,
There shall not be one minute of an houre,
Wherein I wil not kisse my sweete loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her siluer doues: by whose swift aid
Their mistresse Mõunted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is conueid, (Queene
Holding their course to *Paphos*, where their
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seene.

FINIS.